THURSDAY EVENING, JANUARY 31.

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CIRCULATION BOOKS OPEN TO ALL

AN OFFICIAL RIOTER.

· FRANK CURTISS, President of the Sixth Avenue Railroad, addressing a member of the State Board of Arbitration, is reported as saying: "We will crack some of those fellows' heads."

JAMES H. MAGEE, Master Workman, says: st The workmen directly interested in the tie-up in this city have received positive instructions, under penalties, not to resort to any acts of violence, directly or indirectly."

A contemporary, the Press, asks: "Which

There can be but one answer. MAGEE is right. Cunriss is dead wrong.

The injunction of the leader of the strike to abstain from all acts of violence, directly or indirectly, is most commendable.

The insolent threat of the Railroad President merits the condemnation of every good citizen. A man who will utter such sentiments at such a time is the worst sort of

There is not likely to be much division of popular opinion on this point.

WORLDLINGS.

Senator Kenna, of West Virginia, is famed all through his State as a hunter and sportsman. He is passionately fond of gunning and angling. and keeps an assortment of all kinds of sporting paraphernalia.

Mrs. Mary Brunner, who lives on a farm near Derby, Pa., is 102 years old. She has 171 descendants living. She was never taught to read, and passes her time smoking, which has been a solace to her for the last sixty-five years.

B. P. Hutchinson, the millionaire grain speculator of Chicago, rarely spends as much for his lunch as his clerks are accustomed to spend. He may frequently be seen in a cheap restaurant making a meal of a sandwich and a cup of coffee, at a total cost of 10 cents.

have made fortunes out of them. Jack is always are of a pleasant welcome there when he is more when he is gone, he is unceremonically fired, but he goes back again after another voyage, just the same.

The women he meets in these resorts are the vilest of the vile. They drink sweetened water, colored to represent sarraparilla, with him, at the cost of 25 cents a drink, and he John Wilson, of Astor, Fla., cut down a big

cypress tree in a swamp the other day and found in it a live alligator 7 feet long. The big saurian is supposed to have crawled into the tree when quite young, and, growing too large to get out, passed his existence there, living on other reptiles that sought shelter in the same tree.

OUR AUTOGRAPH COLLECTION.

Offlert Gallaton

Two Alleged Jokes.

Mr. Jones to Mr. Brown (who is all excited over the strike and is talking about the arrests made)-Have you heard this morning that two

men were given four years each?
Mr. Brown-No; who were they?
Brilliant Mr. Jones-Why, Harrison and Morton. Ha, ha!
Mr. Brown-Well, if that's the case the real strikers are the fellows who are hanging around Indianapolis after the offices. He, he! ha, ha!

Execut omnes.

O'Conner and Gaudaur Will Row March 3 San Francisco, Jan. 31.—Articles of agree-ment between Jake Gaudaur and William O'Conmor for a three-mile scull race in San Francisco Bay for the American championship have been signed. The race will take place March 3.

MOTHERS say they would not be without MONELL'S

In His Own Frankness of Heart He's an Easy Victim.

A Pretty Widow Game Which Is Only One of Many.

Sharks Ever in Waiting.

The good ship Rattler sails for China in the To-night she is lying quietly at her dock

on the East River front, rising and falling gently with the motion of the waters. In the forecastle the crew are pottering

about setting things to rights and making themselves as comfortable as possible for the long voyage. They are a brave set of men, representing nearly every nation under the sun. Some of them are strangers, while others made the last voyage together or met on other ships in other lands.

They are chatting away as pleasantly to gether, however, as if they had known each other all their lives. Their talk relates mainly to their adventures while ashore.

A big brawny fellow, bearded and bronzed by the suns of many climes, has the floor just

"Hang me to the mizzen mast," he says 'if this 'ere New York don't beat anywhere for skinning a fellow. I was in the Pattler last voyage, and had \$380 gold when we made fast here three weeks ago. Well, messmates, I lost a hundred cold within an hour after

landing."

'How was it?" asked several of the others, langhing, while they all gathered around, prepared to hear him spin the yarn.

'Well, I is d been on the water for nearly six months when we made fast here, and I was dead tired of salt water. I can tell you, I jumped ashore in a jiffy, and struck out for the nearest saloon. After getting two or three stiff horns in me. I started out for the Bowery, where I had made two or three friends last voyage. I hadn't gone far when I felt a gentle pull at my sleeve. I turned, and, douce my port glim, if there wasn't the pretteft, neatest little clipper you ever seen standing by me, with an awful look of pain on her pretty face.

on her pretty face.

"She was dressed in black, and my heart

"She was dressed in black, and my heart warmed to her at once, for I felt that she was in distress. 'What's the trouble, little one?' I asked. Her voice quivered and tears came up in her bonny brown eyes as she asked back:

"Have you ever met a sailor named Jack Williams? He was my husband, sir, but he went to sea years ago and never came back. They tall me he is dead, but I am sure he is not. He will come back. Don't you think so?"

not. He will come back. Don't you think so?"

What could I say? I told her certainly he would, and, blow my buttons, if I didn't find I were crying myself. The next thing I noticed we were walking along together as if we had been acquainted all our lives. Finally, feeling awful kindly towards the little woman, I invited her in to have little something, and she accepted. She used often go around with Jack, she told me, and knew how to take her toddy like a good one.

"While we drank she asked me where I was stopping, and I told her I had not took any place yet. Then she insisted that I should go to her house while I was ashore, and I agreed. We started together, and brought up in a tenement in Bayard steeet. We climbed up more stairs than there are steps in the rathines, but finally got into a cosy little set of rooms.

set of rooms.

"Then she showed me Jack's picture, and ried again, seeing which it overpowered me and I took her soft little hand in mine and bade her never mind. She would never need a friend while I lived. The kind words seemed to affect her wonderfully, for she just keeled over in my arms and cried as if her heart would break.
"When she recovered she suggested that

we should go out for a ramble, and I agreed. We dropped into a saloon the first thing, and she ordered whiskey, and so did I. She ex-cused herself for a minute, after drinking her toddy, and while waiting for her to come back I thought I would count my coin. I had \$275 in my inside vest pocket, and that was all right; but \$100 that I had had to be handy in my outside vest pocket was gone.

"I could not think how it had disappeared and made up my mind to ask Mrs. Williams about it when she came back, but she didu't come back. The worst of it was, though.

that when I spoke to the bartender about her he said that he had seen no woman come in with me, and when I got mad and insisted that there had been one he plugged me in the ear, and two other fellows fired me out. "A policeman came along and arrested me.

ear, and two other fellows fired me out.

"A policeman came along and arrested me. I was locked up until next morning, when I was taken to the Tombs and fined \$10. I went out and got on a spree and blew in the rest of my suff atthe "Man and the Wheel" and "The Sign of the Indian," on Water street. I spent my last nickel for a plug of tobacco, coming ashore this afternoon."

Instead of cliciting any sympathy the big sailor's story only brought out the laughter of his companions, and they chaffed him sailor's story only brought out the laughter of his companions, and they chaffed him considerably about the pretty widow. There were others there who had also fallen victims to her blandishments and knew how it was.

to her blandishments and knew how it was.
She is only one example of many who lie
in wait for the arrival of every big ship and
swindle the poor Jack Tar out of his hardearned wages. The pretty widow is one of
Jack's pitfalls. The notorious "Man and the
Wheel" is another, "The Sign of the Indian's
Head" a third.
These places are alleged concert halls.
They depend mainly upon the custom of
sailors for existence, and the proprietors
have made fortunes out of them. Jack is alwas sure of a pleasant welcome there when

him, at the cost of 25 cents a drink, and feels elated when they permit him to kiss them at the rate of \$1 a kiss. Then at the first opportunity they rob him and share with

the proprietor.

These, of course, are not the only resorts of the kind. There is a row of houses in James street, on the north side, off fast River, devoted to this kind of business, and there are others in Roosevelt street. They have been running openly, in defiance of law,

for years.

Manifold, though, are the schemes by which poor Jack is victimized. The very life heleads make him fall a ready victim to the

he leads maked him fall a ready victim to the sharper's wites.

The boarding-house shark is one of his greatest enemies. When he gets ashore he pecks his kit and jumps into the nearest place where there is the sign of "boarders." Here he is charged exorbitant rates, and in nine cases out of ten he is deseed and roubed. Then the boarding-house shark complains that he has not been paid, and obliges poor Jack to get an advance on his next trip's pay to liquidate his claim.

Jack's purse is ever open to a tale of distress, his strong arm over ready to defend the weak; and still there are people who just make a living by swinding this class of generous, open-hearted men.

erous, open-bearted men. Clunce (Dem.) Has Nipe Majority. SAN PRANCISCO, Jan. 31.—The Pheips-Clunes

recount in the Fifth Congressional District has resulted in giving the election to Clunce (Dem.) by a majority of nine votes. Robert Walface Association.

The annual invitation ball of the Robert Walace Association will take place to-morrow evening at Everett Hall, 31 to 35 East Fourth street.

Stool. He consulted the best physicians, but all that they could do was to put her in the great sevium at Morristown, N. J., where, after a few months of absteution from the drug, she died in terrible agony." lace Association will take place to-morrow even-ing at Everest Hall, 31 to 35 East Fourth street.

A STRANGE PRAY WITH FEW WITNESSES SOME OF THE SAYINGS TO CHEER UP HU-FOUGHT IN ELEVENTH AVENUE.

Girls Who Have Struck and Girls Who Haven't Collide at the Higgins Carpet Factory-Some Blood Flows and Many Feathers Fly-Two Weeping Prisoners of War Taken Away by the Police.

The Battle of the Bustles is reported to have been fought last night and this morning The Saloon Sharps and Boarding. House at Eleventh avenue and Forty-second street. It all arose out of the strike at the Higgins carpet factory. The participants in the battle were girls

who are at work in the factory on the one side and girls who are of the strikers on the other. No shots were fired beyond the volleys that

came from pouting lips, accompanied by the

flashing of angry eyes. As for blood, it did not flow in rivers, but it did trickle from scratched faces and from one or two dainty noses which collided with something in the course of the fray. The few witnesses of the conflict saw a rare

sight and heard sounds strange to warfare. But the struggle was not at all amusing to But the struggle was not at all amusing to those who were actively in it.

Where victory rested is a disputed matter. Bangs and curl-papers suffered very generally on both sides, and there was nothing in the character of the wrecked bustles, left to mark the scene of the conflict, to indicate from which side the majority came.

It is said to have been satisfactorily proved that a strong hystelessing by the takes and

It is said to have been satisfactorily proved that a strong bustle, swung by the tapes and by a sinewy feminine arm, is no mean weapon of offense or defense.

Although hostilities are said to have been begun by the striking girls, there doesn't seem to be evidence that the first pitched battle was the result of any deliberate plan; while the second, fought this morning, was in all probability due to the bad blood aroused in the other.

Two prisoners of war are reported. The police took them. They were conveyed to the Forty-seventh street police station, and they indulged on the way and afterwards in a liberal but hysterical flow of tears.

Besides the bustles, the scene of the fray was marked this morning by much debris of feminine attire, including several articles of

feminine attire, including several articles of headgear, which would, in their demoralized state, have puzzled the most energetic trades woman in Millmers' Row.

KILLED ON THE TRACK.

Near Ipswich, (Mass.

ISPECIAL TO THE EVENING WORLD. Irswich, Mass., Jan. 31. John Quill and his eight-year-old son were driving across the railroad track in an express wagon early this morning and were struck by the 4,49 train from Boston. The engine came upon the horse with terrific force, throwing him and the wagon against the train. Mr. Quill had his head instantly severed from his body and both arms cut off.

His 1991.

His little son was also terribly mangled. having his skull fractured and one arm, leg and shoulder-blade broken.

Young John D. Collins Run Down by 1

Harlem River Train. News was sent to the Coroner's office from the Kingsbridge road station this morning that a man named John D. Collins, aged twenty years, a clerk and unmarried, had just been killed by a train on the Harlem River Railroad, 300 feet below Riverdale Iron Bridge. His body was taken to the station-house.

The engineer of the train which struck him was George Kincarde, the fireman John Mackle and the conductor George Fonda, Gowan Fowler, of Shaft 21 of the new Aqueduct, will be a witness at the inquest.

THE OPIUM HABIT.

Various Guises in Which the Dangerous Drug Is Tuken by Women.

New York Letter to Kanone City Journal " It is strange," said Dr. Charles Perry, the popular pharmacist of Park Row, "to see how many women are 'fiends.' Of course when I say fiends, I do not mean anything peculiarly demoniac or suggestive of that sulphureous realm of which so much is said. I am only using an old term in the pharmacentical trade for people who get into the habit of using some pernicious drug. You have no idea how many there are in a great metropolis like New York. I question if there be a single apothecary's in the city but what has at least a dozen women patrons whose chief purchases are of narcotics and

whose chief purchases are of unrecties and similar compounds.

"The commonest vice in this regard is the opium habit. The number of victims of this habit is far up in the thousands. Some buy the crude gum and eat it as regularly as they take their daily meals. Others buy laudanum and drink it in quarter ounce, half ounce and even ounce portions, according to the extent to which they are controlled by the narcotic. Some, who have keen salates and tenderston. Some, who have keen palates and tender stom-achs, cannot take laudanum, and use instead paregorie. This ancient midwife's favorite is simply a sweet preparation of opium flavored chiefly with annesseed, and tastes somewhat like the anisette or kummel used in French and the anisette or kummel used in French and German restaurants. Still others of the same sort use the infants' soothing ayrups, which quacks put upon the market for the apparent benefit but the eventual rum of baties, and which are so heavily spiced and flavored as to suggest French mixed candles rather than any medicine. Outside of these are the people who use Dover's pewders and mornhine pills. Both of these, and especially the latter, act rapidly and are very popular with optum fiends who wake up in the early morning with large and painful heads. All of these epium fiends are objects of pity. The habit seems more a disease than a habit seems more a disease than a vice. As it progresses, their whole nature, physical mental and moral seems to undergo a complete revolution. At the first they slowly lose their appetites, and then the eyes becomes preterna to ally bright. Soon the flesh begins to fail away, and the space around the eyes be-comes dark from being surcharged with blood. Next the skin loses its normal color blood. Next the sain loses its normal color and clanges to a senden gray, a blotched brown or an unhealthy yellow. After this come the strangest symptoms imaginable. In the collest day the victim perspires contously and shivers at the same time. On the other hand, he considers of being frozen in mid-luguist, when the thermometer is in the nimites. Without the slightest cause be supported were and between the contraction of the single strange of the single st mid-August, when the thermometer is in the nin ties. Without the slightest cause he suddenly weeps and betrays all the emotions of intense distress. When this stage is reached, he or she is a 'fiend.' There after there is but little hope of cure. They must have the drug and to get it they will leave no stone unturned. In one case that came under my professional notice the victim belonged to a first-class Philadelphia family and ha! every wish supplied by her crother, a wealthy South American merchant. She contracted the labit from the liberal use of morphine prescribed by her physician She contracted the habit from the liberal use of morphine prescribed by her physician when she was sick. As the vice grew upon her she was not satisfied with the allowance he gave her, but sold or pawned her jewelry and wearing apparel to buy further quantities of the narcotic. When her brother linally found out her disgrace he made a careful investigation and ascertained that nearly everything she had in the world had been hypothecated in this nanner. In her trunk, which was empty, he found 400 pawn tickets that ran all the way from 25 cents up to \$50 and \$100. He consulted the best physicians, but all that they could do was to put her in the



Clapper-Yes, the old coat did come out pretty well. My wife folded it in camphor, you know. Snapper-Folded it, did she ? I thought from the appearance of the back collar that it had been hung up.

A Doctor's Invention.

(From the Louisville Courier-Journal.)
Dr. Gatling appears to be the most successful of all inventors of instruments for the rapid destruction of human life. It has been thought, for some centuries, that when the most effective means of destroying life should be discovered the scheme would come from a doctor.

[From Texas S(flings.]] Farmer Oateake (to Seedy Man)—Mighty siendey pillars your Elevated road's built on.' Seedy Man-Poor shelter against the weather. too. Can't you give me a dime, so's I won't have to sleep under here to-night, "A dime! Why, I'd sleep here myself for a dime. What yer talkin', bout?"

"There is only one way to royalty in this ountry," remarked a jocular travelling man to the hotel clerk.

"What is that?"
"To become a philanthropist."
"What good will that do?"
"Why, the philanthropist is the only man entitled to wear a coat of aims." I From the Chicago Pines, I

A writer on efiquette has just paralyzed the

"birth these not make the gentleman, though it helps." That's right, that's right. It helps. If one will but stop and think it will be noticed that the gentlemen or ladies either, for matter of that—who at some period of life have not been born are extremely rare. Extremely. [From Faring Folks,] A butterfly was found on Christmas Eve, and the proprietor considered the circumstance of

sufficient interest to write to the papers about it, temarking that the insect was "quite lively, probably in hopes of having some Christmas pudding." This is our opinion too, because it is a well-known fact that the butterfly always comes after the grub! The Fatal Barrier. [From the Clothier and Paralcher ! "Miss Carmine," he pleaded, "the love I

bear you cannot be measured by mere words. It s ineradicable, indistinguishable, infinite.

you be mine?" "Mr. Botts," replied Maria Carmine, "I feel deeply the great honor you have conferred upon me. But there is between us a fatal barrier. I can never marry a man who wears a silk hat and a sack coat at the same time." Found It Out. (From the Curtoon,)
Another mystery Niggles says that bothered

now. There was Brown, who has the same size

family and exactly the same salary, and yet

Brown seems to live better and is saving up money, while he, Niggles, is going behindhand all the time. He now finds out that Brown has a brother-in-law in the drug business, and gets his family medicines at wholesale prices. Living in Washington.

1 From the Washington Critic. The streets they live on in Washington: The busy people on B street. The sailors on C street. The profane people on D--- street, The teamsters on G street. The teamsters on G street.
The ogotists on I street.
The orthodox folk on I street.
The printers on M street.
The debtors on O street.
The biliard players on Q street.
The biliard players on Q street.
The thinamen on T street.
The five-dollar people on V street.
The marrying people on W street.
The tea-follar people on X street.
The inquisitive people on Y street.

A Fine Moral Distinction.

[From the Chicago Wilsons.]
James," said the grocer, as he looked up from the morning paper. "they have begun to make maple sugar in Vermont already, ' Yes, sir," said the clerk, with ready prehension. "Those maple sugar bricks left over from last year are down collar. I'll have them sandpapered and put in the front window

them sandpapered and put in the front window to morrow morning.

"Have you the same sign you had last year to stick up in the box"

"Yes, It reads 'Fresh from Vermont. Strictly pure.

"You may use that sign again, James. I don't think it would be exactly right to paint a new one with that inscription."

Secret-Society Secrets Wife (11.30 r. m.).-What's that horrid odor

Smells like alcohol. Husband -Y-e-s, my dear; we use alcohol at he lodge for initiations. Take some alcohol, light it, put sait in the flame, and it gives a ghastly yellow light: makes folks look like

Thisty you know.

The that door comes from your breath.

"Yees, m'dear; in the thirty-eventh degree I personate the chief demon, with flames coming from his mouth. I take a mouthful of alcohol and a swallow of sail, and then set fire to it. But, m'dear, you must it tell these things. Secrets elety secrets very sacred, you know."



Maud-Pa, dear, what is the derivation of the

TRAPS FOR JACK TAR. BATTLE OF THE BUSTLES. THE MERRY MEN OF WIT. PANIC IN A BLAZING FLAT PROBABLY CAUSED BY LOVE.

HALF-CLAD TENANTS ESCAPE BY ROPES AND OVER THE ROOFS.

A Whole Brown Stone Block at Sixth Avenue and Fifty-Second Street in Peril-Policemen Active in Effecting Rescues-One of the Firemen Overcome by Smoke

What proved to be an extensive and exciting fire broke out at 3.50 this morning in the four-story brown-stone front flat house, 914 Sixth avenue, near Fifty-second street. The flames were first discovered in one of the lower hallways, and by the time the po-

lies and the firemen arrived on the scene the whole building was ablaze. There was the greatest excitement among the occupants of the flats, but all of them

managed to escape.

Mrs. Fairchild, who lived with her two sons on the first flat, was lowered from a rear window by a rope. She only had time to wrap herself in a loose

her pocketbook, containing \$400, which she had placed under her pillow. She estimates her loss at \$2,000.

On the upper flats were a Mr. Brockley and Mrs. Louise Brockley, Mr. Foley, Mrs. Bierge and Miss Wilson. All these escaped over the roof in their night-clothes and were finally rescued by the police, who brought them down to the street through an adjoining louise.

ing house.

Roundsman Bingham and Officers Ackerley
Roundsman Bingham in the rescue, and in and Mulvey were active in the rescue and in rousing the occupants of the neighboring bouses, for at one time it looked as if the flames would spread throughout the whole block.

The Brockleys, who occupied the second

flat, place their loss at \$3,000. The entire building was gutted, the damage being at least \$15,000. The lower floor was occupied by C. Jourard as a winercom. He places his loss at \$5,000, so that the total damage will amount to about

\$25,000.

One of the firemen who was trying to get in at an upper window was overcome by smoke and had to be helped down the ladder.

EDWIN BOOTH'S VOW.

ding Has Never Been in Washington. Weakington Correspondence of the Philadelphia Bulletin Lawrence Barrett and Edwin Booth came no

nearer than Baltimore on their combined starring tour and the Washington people who want to see them have to get early dinners travel forty miles before the performance and make the same journey back again after the cading world with the announcement that curtain is down. They are lucky if they get to see the three hours of the play in less than seven hours. Very few people care to make the trip more than once, and a great many remonstrances have been addressed to Mr. Booth, who is responsible for the exclusion, but without effect. Mr. Booth says that he cannot visit a place sofull of tragic memories of his brother, and he will never come to Washington again. He took some such yow shortly after the murder of Abraham Lincoln and he has kept it so long now that theatrical managers have given up all attempts to change his mind, and up all attempts to change his mind, and Washington people generally have accepted it as one of the drawbacks of residence in their town that the greatest of American tragedians cannot be seen there. To the ordinary person, bowever, who recollects something of the assassination of Lincoln, there does not seem to be a great deal in Washington to remind even so sensitive a man as Booth of his brother's fate. The plot for Lincoln's assassination was largely laid in New York and the punishment meted out in New York and the punishment meted out in Maryland. The old National Hotel, where Booth had a room for a few days before the Booth had a room for a few days before the affair, is still standing disguised in a new coat of paint, and the restaurant where he took the drink of liquor that nerved his hand is still to be seen, but everything else connected with the crime is changed. The theatre, with its present collection of medical coriosities, would never be known even as a theatre if it were not for the guides, and the house where Mr. Lincoln died just across the street, needs its marble just across the street, needs its marble ever held anything historic within its four walls. The old flag into which Booth's spur caught as he shouted his sie semper tyranais is still preserved in the Treasury Building. but the box which it decorated is gone years ago with the stage on which he fell and the doorway through which he ran towards his horse. The roadway past the Interior Department and on out beyond the Capital. Department and on out beyond the Capitel is still there, but Booth himself would not recognize them if he were to gallop past

recognize them if he were to gallop past some of these moonlight nights, nor would he recognize the iron bridge which stands now in place of the old wooden structure at the gates of which he was stopped for his last dangerous parley before galloping to the Maryland hills beyond the city. Booth's own sufferings were in another place, and just now Baltimore contains more to bring him to mind than Washington. Surratt is there, possibly in Booth's audiences, because he is said to be a man of taste, and Booth's own body, about which there has been any quantity or areument, rests there beside his father. The present Booth would hardly alter his vow even if he thought of all this, but if he were an ordinary stranger locking for relies of Wilkes Booth in Washington he would be very much disappointed. very much disappointed.

Very much disappointed.

Lawrence Barrett has no such objections to Washington, and, indeed, has some financial reasons for wishing to visit the place again. A few years ago when on one of his last visits he had some general idea about making his residence here and bought a lot on the best avenue within a few steps of Dupont Circle. Circumstances prevented him from coming permanently, and when few days ago he ordered his lot sold it ha from coming permanently, and when a few days ago he ordered his lot sold it had risen in value so much that he got \$5,000 profit out of it. It was not a very remarkable deal as real estate deals go, but it paid him better than most little cases of indecision do for those who indulge in them.

RUS CORBIN SHOT THE STRANGER.

Man who Looks Like the "Ripper" Captured and Juited at Paris, Ky. SPECIAL TO THE EVENING WORLD. 1

PARIS, Ky., Jan. 31. - The finding of large curved and murderous-looking knife yesterday in Claysville, a negro suburb of this city, has given rise to the rumor that a mysterious white-whiskered stranger seen about here was "Jack the Ripper," which created great excitement among the negroes. A small boy named Harry Lyons was actually scared into convulsions and many negroes are afraid to venture out after dark.

Tus Corbin shot the stranger last night and be in row in but here. is now in jail here. His name could not

A Constwise Steamer. (From the Spotted Cagner, South, W. T.)
"John," said a wife to her husband, as she

soked up from the morning paper, " what is a consisting steamer?"
A consisting steamer, my dear? Why, a consisting steamer is one that knows how to keep off the rocks along the coast."

Are the parts usually attacked by rheumatism, and the joints at the knees, ankles, hips and wrists are also cometimes affected. The cause of theumatians is lactic

Back and Shoulders

DE WOLF SMITH SAYS, HOWEVER, THAT HIS SHOOTING WAS ACCIDENTAL.

The Young New Yorker Was Very Devoted to Miss Everest, a Charming Society Lady, of Philadelphia. They Often Sang Teacther-Dr. J. William White Thinks Mr. Smith Will Recover.

ISPECIAL TO THE EVENING WORLD.1 PHILADELPHIA, Jan. 31,-The queer and sensational case of the self-shooting of Frank De Wolf Smith, the young New Yorker, on the steps of a handsome residence on Pine street, near Fifteenth, is still involved in considerable mystery. It is very doubtful whether the shooting was accidental, and h ere is a strong probability that a love affair is the real cause of the trouble.

De Wolf Smith from his bed in the University Hospital, has made the following statement to a reporter: " On Monday evening I visited the house

of a lady friend, whose name I refuse to divulge, and remained there until about 11, 15 dressing-gown and was not even able to get o'clock, when I took my leave. Not feeling tired I went around to the Art Club on Broad street, below Walnut, where I met some of my friends. I stayed there until about 12.30 o'clock Tuesday morning, and not feeling tired I asked a young gentleman who was there if he would take a walk. He acquiesced. We walked down Broad street to Pine, and out Pine to Fifteenth street. I had a revolver in my pocket which I had been carrying for several years. I took it out and began playing with it. My friend told me to be careful, it might go off. I told him not to be alarmed, as the pistol was not loaded, and placing the revolver against my chart I walled the trigory and it went of I chest I pulled the trigger and it went off. I felt a stinging pain near my heart, and then felt to the pavement. I was assisted to a doctor's house near by, and then later on brought to the hospital."

"Won't you tell the name of the young man who was with you when you shot your-nest?"

Mr. Smith deliberated for a few minutes and then declined to make his name known. He also refused to state where he was on

and then decised to state when
He also refused to state when
Monday evening.
Raising himself in bed on his elbows he
said: "Do I look like a man who is in love?
No. sir! It was purely an accident."
"Do you live in this city?" Mr. Smith was Since Lincoln Was Assassinated the Trage asked.
"No, sir; I live in New York."

"No, sir; I live in New York,"
"What part of New York?"
"On Forty-seventh street."
"When did you come to Philadelphia?"
"On Tuesday week. I registered at the Lafayette Hotel and I took a room on the European plan, taking my meals wherever it was convenient."
"Did you come to Philadelphia often?" "Did you come to Philadelphia often?"

"Yes, I came over at least once a month and generally stayed a week or more."

"What did you come over for—on business or for pleasure?"

At this question he smiled, his face flushed and he said: "Well, I guess it was for pleas-Dr. J. William White, who has since been in attendance, says he does not consider the case a serious one and he believes the young

man will recover.

Mr. Smith had called early Monday evening upon Miss Everest, a young lady who is very well and favorably known in society, and her brother, Mr. De Witt Everest, was one of the first to reach the wounded man's side after

the accident. the accident.

It is said De Wolf Smith was very devoted to Miss Everest. They first met in the White Mountains at Intervale. Smith is personally Mountains at Intervale. Smith is personally very attractive and popular with the ladies. Tolerably tall, a blond, well built and with a manly air and presence, and although twenty-four years old, seeming younger, he was what might be called a fine-looking fellow. When he made his first appearance here at a musicale given by a lady he had met in the White Mountains and which he came on expressly to attend, he made a most favorable impression. Miss Everest sang the same evening, and at his request he was taken to her house the next night, when he sang again. Then he returned to New York, but it appears wrote some letters from there. it appears wrote some letters from there. The result was that about a week ago he came back to Philadelphia, took a room at the Lafavette tiotel and has been here since.

"The New York baritone" was invited out a great deal. He was asked to the Art Club. to the Union League and cards awaited him to the Rittenhouse Club when he arrived. At all of these he made friends rapidly, and his

sang together at a missicale matthee given by Miss Grahame, on Spruce street, and he ac-companied her home. That evening a num-ber of the young ladies who are studying music under Mrs. Everest came to the pur-lor, and both Miss Everest and Mr. Smith sang a number of selections. After the in-formal musicale Mr. Smith remained. It was somewhere about 1 o'clock that De Witt C. Everest, the young lady's brother, and others in the house were aroused by a noise, and Mr. Smith was found on the doorstep bleeding from the wound.

Miss Everest is a brunette and very attraction.

ministral them when very young that she was sent abroad to receive a musical education as the protege of George W. Childs, Under Marchesi she attained an excellent technique and since her return has sung at most of the fashionable evening entertainments in prinamenable evening entertainments in private houses where music has been a feature. Naturally the young lady is greatly shocked by the occurrence. "It is most unfortunate," she said to a friend who called last night, "but I can say nothing, explain nothing. I knew the gentleman and saw a good deal of him, but I am surprised and bewildered at what has happened. I can say nothing more."

SMITH'S FATHER TALKS.

He Defends Young De Wolf and Thinks the Shooting Was Accidental. The mystery surrounding the case of Frank

De Wolf Smith, the young New Yorker who was found suffering from a pistol wound in the right side on the steps of Mrs. Everest's house, 1504 Pine street, Philadelphia, carly Wednesday morning, is lightened though not solved by an interview had with his father in this city to-day.

The young man when taken to the hospital declared that the shooting was accidental and was done while playing with a revolver which he supposed was unloaded.

The general supposition was that South

The general supposition was that Smith was a victim of unrequited love and took this method of showing his affection for Miss Everest, who was thought to be the object of his passion.

No one credited the story that his name was Smith, although a card bearing that name was found in his pocket, having the address 148 West Forty-seventh street, New

York, upon it. When an Evening Wonld reporter visited Mr. B. F. Smith at that address this morn-ing the old reutleman was visibly agitated. He had just received a dispatch from Philadelphia which established his son's identity

with the wounded man.

'I did not believe that it was Frank at first, because he is not the kind of a boy to do such an act: but the message which I received states that the shooting was entirely needlental. necidental.

The story that any young woman is in the case is absurd. When Frank left here last Tuesday be hadn't a care or thought of

trouble."

'His visit to Philadelphia was a matter of sometimes affected. The cause of rhoumatism is lacted acid circulating with the blood, which attacks the joints and causes the pains and aches of the disease. Hood's Barsaparilla purifies and enriches the blood, and has proven a wonderful remedy for rhoumatism.

Hood's Sarsaparilla solid by druggists \$1; six for \$5.

Prepared by C. I. HOOD 2 CO., Lovell, Mass.

"There was nothing in the letter to indi-

NEW NOVELETTE BY SIMS.

You Cannot Guess How It Will Turn Out

Even After Reading Two-Thirds of It.

A STORY OF

LOVE AND LUCRE, TOLD IN THREE CHAPTERS.

GEO. R. SIMS,

Author of "The Lights o' London," &c., &c. It begins in

MONDAY, FEB. 4.

ANNOUNCEMENT EXTRAORDINARY.

A series of Stories by the Leading Stars of the Stage is in preparation for

THE EVENING WORLD.

PARTICULARS LATER.

cate that anything was wrong. It was written out.

'The message of course did not state how the shooting came about, but I suppose it was a case of 'didn't-know-it-was-loaded,' and the trigger was accidentally pulled."

Mr. Smith further said that his son was of steady habits, and was never given to any kind of dissipation, so that the accident could not have happened while under the induser of liquor.

fluence of liquor.

He had heard his son speak of the Everests, but did not know them himself. Frank had many friends in Philadelphia with whom his father was not acquainted, except through hearing Frank mention them in a casual way. While his son's injury is not fatal, it is serious enough to confine him to his bed for

I noticed that it is reported that the men on the cars on the east side get \$2,25 a day. That is not so. I am a driver on the Dry That is not so. I am a driver on the Dry Dock and East Broadway Railroad, and am only getting \$2 a day and must work twelve hours. People do not know what we are striking for. We are striking on account of the trip system, which the roads want to start again. We will have to work, according to the new rules, about fifteen hours a day. We will only be making \$1.71 a day.

STRIKER.

Guests at the Hotels. Dr. Al Watts, of Boston; G. S. Field, of Buffalo, and H. C. Colm, of Rochester, are at the Hoffman House.

S. M. Perry, of Denver; B. F. Horton, of St. Louis, and W. F. Corless, of Englewood, are at the Gilsey House. the Gilsey House.

A. P. Williams, of Minneapolis; F. R. Morse, of Boston, and H. D. Minot, of St. Paul, are conspicuous at the Albemarle. At the St. James are O. B. Quincy, of Brockton, Mass.; F. W. Nelson, of Amesbury, Mass. and J. H. Bartlett, of Lynchburg, Va. J. H. Moore, of Nashville, Tenn.; J. H. Camp, of Lyons: Howard G. White, of Syracuse, and John Cochran, jr., of Boston, are at the Fifth Avenue.

A Sliding Scale.

With ambition histrionic, Though with talents embryonic, was bent on filling all the town with most complete astonishment. complete astonishment.
And her dreams to fortune turning.
Thoughts of fame within her burning
the disrelished the advice of friends, all careless of admonishment.

She began with sad Ophelia.
Then she acted sweet Cordelia.
And she went through Juliet's agony with much apparent cheerfulness;
Then she posed as Mariana.
Looked most fair as Juliana.
And she sped through Lady Macbeth's lines with mighty show of fearfulness.

111. Then a host of learned critics, Chen a host of fearned critics, Given much to analytics, Quick subjected the fair debutante to merciles analysis,
And their comments most unfecting, With such power o'er her stealing.

Made her feel as if her acting were afflicted with

paralyeis. So she ended all her trouble,
Saying fame was but a bubble.
By accepting 'leading lady' with a show
known as 'variety.'
Where the critics do not bore her.
Where the gallery gods adore her.
Where at fifteen dollars weekly she is praised
unto satiety!

A Sirius Matter. [Prom Life.] Aspiring Author-Of course you are fond of

poetry, are you not, Miss Whipperly.

Miss Whipperly—My maid is, I believe; but let us talk of something serious; tell me all about the entries for the dog show: A Mine Ready to Spring.

Europe is as peaceful as the mining camp where every man is a dead shot.